LEO BURNETT COMPANY, Inc.
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You may talk of your Johnny Brewers and your Jim Hopkins. But there was only one cowboy named Bill Pickett.

By the turn of the century, the Wild West had mellowed some with age. But some of the men who lived in it hadn't; and there was a growing market for frontier blood and thunder back east.

And so,
the Wild West Shows were born.

Madison Square Garden packed them in to see Johnny Brewer, who could stick to a mean bronc's back like a cockleburr. And Jim Hopkins, who could rope a rattlesnake out from under a flat rock.

And a big black man with a Texan's roll to his Stetson and a horse by the unlikely name of Spradley. This was Bill Pickett—the famous bulldogger.

Now, Bill did not invent bulldogging, though they later said he did, but he gave to it a sense of style and an utter disregard for life and limb that was wonderful and frightening to see.

He would pile out of the saddle onto the head of a running steer, sometimes jumping as far as six feet to tie-on. He'd grab a horn in each hand; then simply fall to one side of the steer, dragging beside the beast till it went down.

Bill toured the rodeo circuit with his bulldogging act for many years, and even played for the crowned heads of Europe," as the saying goes.

When he died in his late 70's of a kick from a sorrel mare, his old friend Zack Miller said: "Bill Pickett was the greatest sweat and dirt cowhand that ever lived, bar none.

"When they turned Bill Pickett out, they broke the mold."

This is just one story of the Black Cowboys—maybe you never heard of them before. They helped tame Marlboro Country back in the days when you still rolled your own.

Come to where the flavor is. Come to Marlboro Country.

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